THE COVNTRIE Mans Comfort.

OR

Religious Recreations, fitte for all well disposed persons.

Which was Printed in the yeere of our Lord 1588. And since corrected, amended, and enlarged by the same Author. I. K.

PSAL. 34. 11.

Come ye Children (in vnderstanding) I will teach you the feare of the Lord.

COL. 3. 16.

Let the words of Christ dwell in you plenteously in All wisedome, teaching and admonishing your owne selues, in Psalmes, Himnes and spirituall Songs, singing with a grace in your hearts to the Lord.

Printed at London by M. D. and are to be sold by Iohn Bolet, at the signe of the Holy-rood in Paul, Church-yard, 1630.

To the Christian Reader, *grace and peace.*

GOod Reader, in the yeere of our Lord 1588. when the Divell, Pope, and Spaniard did rage against our late Q. *Elizabeth*, (never to be forgotten) and this kingdome to haue both killed vs: and to possesse the lands, and when God had so miraculously delivered vs from that invincible Navie (as they termed it) I wrote this Booke, containing in it many good Songs, Ditties & Carrols, for the comfort and solace of all those that are well disposed, after so miraculous deliverance from our enemies, the Pope and Spaniards. If therfore it happen to light into hands that are wise and learned: know this that I doe not count it so fit a booke for thee as for the Schollers of pettie Schooles the poore Coutrieman and his familie, who wil aske these vain questions, sometimes saying: what shall we doe in the

long winter nights: how ſhall we paſſe away the time on Sundayes, what wold you haue vs doe in the Chriſtmas Hollydayes: For ſuch haue I made this booke, wherein I ſhall no doubt pleaſe their merrie minds a little, for that they are naturally given to ſing, if happily I may winne them to ſing good things and forſake euill.

And when the gun-powder Treaſon was found out and bewrayed: I began to looke over this little booke: and finding as great cauſe to mooue vnto thankefulneſſe now as then: I did as my leaſure ſerued me correct & amend my former labors, and added and augmented them more then was in the former booke: and now haue finiſhed the ſame, I offer it to the view of all well minded perſons, and as for others that cannot take plaine labors in good part: I leaue them to themſelues, and the reſt vnto God.

The Lords poore and humble ſeruant,

I. R.

A ſong in ſtead of an Introduction to this worke, worthy your reading and entituled

A Table of good Counſell.

It will goe to the tune of in Create, if you ſing it.

FIrſt learne to honour God aright,
Let loue and feare thereto prouoke:
Obey the *King*, with all thy might
Submit thy ſelfe to Parents yoke.
Imbrace the good and ſhunne the ill:
This is the ſumme of wiſedomes skill.

To know thy ſelfe thou muſt apply:
And try thy friend before thou truſt:
Content thy ſelfe, clime not too hie,
Let word and deed be all waies iuſt.
Striue not to ſwim againſt the ſtreame:
Account not of a drowſie dreame.

Wiſh not for wealth by parents death,
A friend farre paſſeth worldly good:
And while the body yeeldeth breath,

Seeke not for to exceede in foode.
For great excesse of meate and drinke,
Doth cause the soule in sinne to sinke.

Faint not though fortune fauour fooles,
Fret not at others good successe:
Delight to sit in learned schooles,
Thy former faults seeke to redresse.
Spurne not at him that tells thy crime,
Mend that against another time.

Spend sparingly yet not too nye,
And make account how wealth doth wast:
Hate Suretiship all debt bookes flie.
To giue thy word make thou no hast.
Let not apparrell sumptuous be,
But still remember thy degree.

Respect not only present time,
But marke also what may ensue:
For cracke of credit is a crime,
Change not an old friend for a new.
Take heed of brasen face past shame:
And loue to liue in honest fame.

Praise no man till thou dost him knowe,
Dispraise not rashly any wight:
Least shame thereby to thee may growe,
Speake but few words plece them aright.
Into the world then maist thou goe,
And say thy friend hath taught thee so. *The*

The ſumme of the Creed in Meeter.

IN *Father Sonne* and *Holy Ghoſt*,
Beleeue I ſtedfaſtly,
And that *Chriſt Ieſus Man* became:
I hold as earneſtlie.
He alſo ſuffered for our ſinnes,
Himſelfe ſtill voyde of ſinne:
Who did deſcend the manner how,
I ſay not much therein.
We find that *Chriſt* felt ſo much paine,
As ſatisfied *Gods Ire*:
And reconciled man to God,
Thats all we neede require.
And as for *Chriſt* in *Pix*, in bread,
Or harrowing vp of *Hell*:
Of *Purgatory Limbus* tw aine,
The *Scripture* doth not tell.
One true *Church* Catholike there is,
One earth ſtill *Millitant*:
And I a member of the ſame,
Through Chriſt now *Tryumphant*.
This *Church* it hath *Communion*,
And *God* remitts their ſinne:
To life and glory they ſhall riſe,
And they ſhall neuer linne,
To ſing out HALLELVIAHS,
In euerlaſting *Bliſſe*,

Wherefore beleeue and liue well here,
That so you may be his.

Amen.

The summe of the Tenne Commandements.

1 None but *Iehova* haue for *God*,
2 No *Creature* worship thou,
3 Take not *Gods* holy Name in vaine,
4 Keepe well the Sabboth now,
5 Thy *Parents* honor and obey,
6 No murder once commit,
7 Be none adulterer at all,
8 Steale not by hand or wit,
9 False witnesse beare thou not: I say,
10 Ne couet not in heart,
Thy neighbors wife, seruant or goods,
That God gaue for his part.

These Ten Commandements we deuide,
Still into Tables twaine:
And take them for our spirituall guide,
And our direction plaine.
First to the worship of our God,
And then to Christian loue;
That we may shunne the fiery rod,
And liue in heauen aboue.

Then doe not like to *Papists* adde,
Nor take from this his *Law*,
But downe with *Images* and all,
And euer liue in Awe.
And as the Lord did make vs all,
So let him teach vs too;
For he knowes what is best for vs,
And we blind what to doe.

FINIS.

A Briefe of the Lords Prayer.

O Father ours, which art in heauen,
Still hallowed be thy Name,
Thy kingdome come, thy will be done,
In earth without all blame.
As it performed is in heauen,
Of soules and Angels bright:
Where thou art serued without sin,
And praysed day and night.

Giue vs this day our daily bread,
Forgiue our sinnes likewise,
As we forgiue them that vs hurt,
When quarrells doe arise.

Into temptation lead us not,
So to be ouercome,

As

As wicked persons euer are,
That lose thy sweet kingdome,

For thine is that celestiall place,
With power and glorie still,
Both now and euermore. Amen,
Say we with right good will.

To pray to *Saints* or creatures then,
you see tis *Po-pe-rie*,
To haue a *Picture* in this worke:
Is idle certainely.
A *Crucifix* is nothing worth,
Ne Beades to count vpon:
For blind-men they must leaue those *Paints*,
And pray to God alone.

FINIS.

The Summe of the old Covenant or Testament with the two Sacraments thereof giuen to the Iewes by Almightie God.

IEhova that great God of heaven,
gane to the fathers old:
A covenant of doing all,
That in the Law is told,

Doe this and liue said God to them,

But

But no man could do ſo:
Wherefore the law ſends all to Chriſt,
To keepe their ſoules from woe.

This covenant was ſign'd and ſeald,
With two cl.ere Sacraments:
The firſt was Circumciſion,
Withall rights and intents.

Th'other was the Paſſeouer,
Wherein Chriſt was ſet out:
The Lambe of God ſlaine for our ſinnes,
Of this be out of doubt.

FINIS.

The Summe of the new Couenant or Teſtament with the two Sacraments confirming the ſame and given both to the Iewes and Gentills by Ieſus Chriſt the ſonne of God.

THe Couenant of Chriſt with man,
in the new Teſtament:
Is this that we beleeue in him,
and ſtriue with whole intent.
To loue and liue as Chriſt hath done,
yea beare his croſſe and pray:
That we may doe as we would haue,
men deale with vs alway,

This

This Covenant alſo is confirmed
With holy Sacraments twaine,
Which likewiſe ſet out Chriſt to vs,
Who for our ſinnes was ſlaine.
The firſt of theſe is *Baptiſme*,
Which ſets out our new *Birth*.
The other the Lords Supper is
Which brings vs heavenly mirth,
And thus one Church is gathered
Of Jewes and Gentiles eke,
Rome therefore is a *Harlot* found
And our Church Catholicke:
For we ſtand firmly to *Gods* word,
And thereby wilbe taught,
But *Papiſts* cheifely by the *Pope*,
Which thing great ſtrife hath wrought;
Theſe Sacraments which *Chriſt* ſet out
They like not ſimplely
But will have 7. &. to *Chriſts* twaine;
And giue no reaſon why.
Conſider what abſurdities,
Doe grow of this by them.
Five covenants more they would confirme,
Belike from mortall men.
Their *Prieſts* of all men ſhould receiue
The Sacraments each one.
Yet muſt he not be married,
For then his *Prieſt-hoods* gone;

Some

Some of these fine cal'd *Sacraments*
The people may not haue:
As *Orders* yea and *Marriage* too,
Which some men will not craue.
Where as the *Sacraments* of *Christ*,
Must be receiued of all:
Even as his *Law* and *Couenant*,
Which serues for great and small.
But I will now contend no more,
I seeke to teach the *Truth*:
And to bewraye *Absurdities*,
To aged folke and youth.

FINIS.

An instruction of the whole yeare deuided in-
12. Months, foure seasons or quarters as also
into weekes and daies, of the Sabboth or Lords
day: and what is the true keeping of it.

Of a Yeare.

A yeare is that which holds from spring to (spring
From *march* to *march* the fiue & twentith day
Wherein we sow and reape of euery thing,
To serue for meat and clothing as we say.

Of the 12. Monthes in the yeare.

Twelue monthes there are belonging to each (year
Into foure quarters we deuide the same.

Thirteene

Thirteen full moons in this ſpace doe appeare
And 4 weeks maks vp euery month we name

Of the names of the Monthes.

Cold Ianuary, Februarie, March,
Mild Aprill, May, with Iune and Iuly theſe,
Hot Auguſt which the corn doth ripe & parch
September ſweet which doth the Ploughman (pleaſe
October and November then takes place,
The laſt of all theſe Months is cald December
And they that haue but euen a ſparke of grace
Gods benefits in theſe they will remember.

Of the 4. Quarters in the yeare

1 The Quarters foure in all the year are theſe
March twentie fiue is cald our Lady-day,
Or the Anun-tia-ti-on if you pleaſe,
Of bleſſed Marie by that man of ioy.
I meane the Angell Gabriell which did come,
With newes frō heauē that ſhe ſhuld mother
Of Ieſus Chriſt Gods deare & only ſonne, (be
Which ſtory in the Scripture all may ſee.

2 The ſecond quarter hapneth ſtill in Iune,
And Saint Iohn Baptiſts day we doe it call:
Or Midſommer in Engliſh ſpeach or tune,
The yeare is then at beſt as it will fall.

The

3 The third is in the Month we call Septeber
And beares the name of glorious *Mi-cha-ell*
Wherein let poore men euermore remember
Their yeare or halfe yeares rent to pay downe (well

4 The fourth and laſt falls in December ſtill,
And Chriſtmas quarter men doe cal the ſame
God grant vs in them all to doe Gods will.
And ſo to thriue in body, goods, and name.

FINIS.

A religious Letter ſhewing how and whom to woo in the way of Marriage, though all men cannot doe, or haue it ſo as is here ſet downe.

IN humble wiſe I doe commend,
and write theſe words to you:
Whom I eſteeme as my deare friend,
neuer to change for new.
Vnto my words in patience,
now let your eares incline:
And that will be ſome recompence,
to quit theſe paynes of mine.

In younger yeares when ſtrength did grow,
and nature ſought her will:
I vſed all good meanes that are,
The ſame to quench and kill.

I prayd to God, I fasted oft,
I kept from com-pa-ny,
I read good bookes to beat downe lust,
And harlots haunts did fly.

I labor'd in my calling much,
I watcht and studied harde:
Yet as I sat the tempter came,
With all his band and guard.
Evill motions he did raise in me,
With 'O na-nizme Sinne:
But I likte not or gaue consent,
To ought that he brought in.

But I would walke abroad sometimes,
And take some re-cre-ation:
To put vaine thoughts out of my heart,
In good and christian fashion.
And even in this had I respect,
to every cir-cum-stance,
Time, place and seasons every thing,
That goodnes might advance.

Then went I to my worke againe,
I neyer made a toyle:
Of sport or recreation,
Which should be but as File,
To get the Melancholly rust

And

And filth of flesh away :
Least Sinne and Sathan should in me
As Kings beare rule and sway.

When none of these things did prevaile
But Sathan tempted still :
I thought vpon mans last refuge,
Gods lawes for to fulfill.
I meane the honest Marriage Bed,
Therein to liue most chast
My body which Gods Temple is,
No way to file or wast.

My Parents which did bring me vp,
Gaue learning to mine Art:
And made me often read Gods word,
Which I laid vp in heart.
Thus getting Scripture readily,
As at my fingers ends :
I vanquisht world the flesh and Divell,
Not shaming self nor friends.

This was of God, I wrought it not,
but here all sorts may see :
Christs yoke is easyer then we judge,
If good meanes vsed be.
But if like Cowardes we will yeelde,
To lust and to affection :

So oft as Sathan he will tempt,
In vaine is all direction.
Wherefore such counsell as I reade,
Such counsell giue will I,
Resist the Deuill, saith Saint James,
And he from thee will flie.
Or else how did good Iosephe,
Susanna and the rest,
Withstand all filthines of sin,
and whordome still detest.

To passe by this I will proceede,
and bend my speech more plaine,
To you whom I respect in heart,
in which I doe not faine.
Because I meane to knit my selfe
In marriage as I said:
I did bethinke my selfe where I
Might find some honest maid.
That I might woode and take to wife,
In wedlocke to liue so,
As that I might not grieue my friends
nor yet reioyce my foes.
And still my mind did runne on you,
as fittest match for me,
Among you madens in these parts.

Or any I can see.

You are no gadding gossiper;
No proud nor peacocke dame:
No night bird walker as some are
That liue not in good fame:
No stage play runner nor no shrew,
Of shrill or prating tongue:
No scould nor brawler or stout peice,
That hurts both old and yong.

No selfe wild person sowre or crosse,
To please or to intreate:
No idle housewife or the like,
That can but play and eate.
No sweet mouth'd trifles, longing still,
For all things farre or neere:
And with the first to craue ripe fruite,
Though it be scarce and deere.

I know that you can reade and write;
Yea sing and sweetly play
On instruments of sundry sorts
For your delight all way.
The needle, and the loome also,
You handle cunningly:
The knitting needles of all sorts
Your fingers can apply.

Yet this doth nothing hinder you,
From wheele and diſtaffe plaine:
Which is the miſtris ſport ſometimes,
And is not without gaine.
I know that you liue ſoberly,
Content with meane eſtate:
Abhorring pride and vanities
To liue at ſimple rate.

A great Paines taker in an houſe;
For all works that belong:
To women ſexe both ſmall and great,
Though you not very ſtrong.
All this doth come from God aboue,
For you liue in his feare:
And Parents haue tooke paines with you
Which winnes praiſe every where.

Bleſſed and happy is that man,
Which can winne loue of thee:
Or of thy like in ſome good part,
Though ſome ſhould wanting be.
I pray you now to vnderſtand,
That all my words doe tend:
To get your fauour and your loue,
In Marriage or I end.

And for my ſelfe you know me well,

I am a neighbours ſonne:
And you a neighbours daughter are,
You know then whence I come.
I muſt not prayſe my ſelfe at all
My deedes and godly men;
Shall be ſufficient in this point,
Wherefore I ſpare my Pen.

Yet giue me leaue a word or two,
In things that all know not:
Concerning me my life and ſtate;
Which may fall to thy lot.
I feare and worſhip God on hie,
And what the ſcripture ſaith:
That I beleeue vnfainedly,
And there on build my faith.

All po-pe-ry I doe deteſt,
With ſects and Schiſmes all:
In Chriſt and his Apoſtles words,
I ſtay and euer ſhall.
Now my profeſſion ſure it is,
Befitting your degree:
Which may induce thy heart to loue,
And thinke the more on me.

I am no vnthrift any way,
No prodigall or ſuch;

No Naball niggard Churll or Clowne,
At kindred for to grutch.
I am no colening cogging knane,
No ſhifter vile or baſe;
No drunkard whoremaiſter or theefe,
That dares not ſhew their face.

I am no ſlothfull or drone Bee,
To ſucke away the honey:
That other men haue laboured for,
I owe no debts nor mony.
I ſtand not bound in ſuretieſhip,
For any man aliue;
I take no goods or wares on truſt,
For then I ſhould not thriue.

I brag it not in brokers ſuites
Of veluet, ſilke, or Sattine:
VViddowes or maydens to deceiue,
By tongue that runnes on pattine.
I meddle not with vſurers,
That eate men out of all
Lands, goods, and leaſes, paunes, and what
May bring a mans great fall.

I follow my vocation ſtill,
And on the Sabboth day:
VVith all my ſeruants goe to Church

To

To heare gods word and pray.
House, land, and money some I haue,
My parents left it me:
Enough to bring a woman to,
If married I should be.

And something I haue purchast since,
If children I should haue
That they in time may be possest,
Of that we get or saue,
What wealth you haue I doe not know,
Nor will I that enquire,
It is sufficient if you like,
and all I doe desire.

Our Parents thine and mine are dead,
Else would I out of hand:
Make suit to them for their good wills,
as Gods word doth command.
But seeing God hath called them,
And you at liberty:
To marry whom you will in God,
That course now stay will I.

But if that you haue otherwise,
In such a worke to use:
There good aduise I wish you take,
And doe it not refuse.

The better euery thing shall goe,
With you and eke with me:
For that with good aduise this worke,
Our friends shall euer see.

Now will I draw vnto an end,
Till I may heare from you;
What hope there may be of my suite,
Or what shall now ensue.
The Lord direct your heart aright,
That I thine owne may be:
If God hath so ordained it,
And thus farewell to thee.

Your louing friend,
your friend indeede
That will not faile
in time of neede.

A. B.

FINIS.

Certaine verses in English Meeters, concerning locking in of our doors at Night and of opening them in the Morning, with prayer, and then of following some lawfull vocation or other.

To the Tune of the 25. Psalme.

AT night thy doores shut in,
With Prayer to the Lord,
Repent and leaue thy sinnes betimes,
And so escape the sword.
For one day we shall count,
For thoughts for words for deedes;
Therefore let not the soule of thine,
Be pestered with such weedes.

No quiet can there be,
To them that sleepe in sinne:
And are not reconciled to God,
By Christ our helpe therein.
When Morning doth appeare,
And thou intendst to rise:
Prayse God for thy good rest and sleepe,
and shake of slothfull guise.

Vnlocke thy doores againe,
With prayer as before:

And

And willingly take paines some way,
In goodnesse euermore.
For they that liue at ease,
And haue no calling knowne,
Liue not a Christian life be sure,
Though they liue on their owne.

As theeues such are to God,
And to his Children deare:
The slothfull idle spending life,
Is no way in Gods feare.
If thou be but a childe,
At schoole let be thy worke:
And doe not lose thy golden time,
In corners for to lurke.

If thou a seruant be,
A man or else a mayde:
Doe that which doth belong to thee,
To sinne be thou afraid.
If Gentleman or Knight,
Or if young Lord thou be;
Let study good and exercise,
Be pleasant unto thee.

Thy house thy name and wealth,
Will else be ouer throwne:
And thou a man of no esteeme
When thy bad life is knowne.

The streets of euery Towne,
are to to full each day:
Of idle and vnthrifty men,
That seekes their owne decay.
The Lord our God amend,
This sinne and all the reste
That now doth raigne in Englishmen
For God doth it detest.

FINIS.

A song in praise of Musicke against all Stoickes like Natures.

Which may be sung to the Tune of: In Greece when Dedalus.

THe Poets write in Musickes praise,
That Orpheus with his tuned Harpe
The stones could moue the trees could raise
And make the warbling Birds to carpe,
And all to shew that Musickes art
Can mollifie a stony heart.

The silly infants mournfull cry
The fostering Nurse with songs doth stay,
The Ploughmans whistling melody
Doth passe away the paine full day
The horse and Mule with sound of bell

Encouraged

Encouraged is to labour well.

The Head enfraught with frantike toies
The tuned strings doe make full graue:
The heart oppreſt and voide of ioy,
Will greatly ioy Muſicke to haue
When ſtudie deepe hath duld the braine
Muſicke will sharpe the edge againe.

We read how Dauid plaid full trimme
Before the holy Arke of God
And how his wife for mocking him
By ſentence iuſt was then forbod
For hauing Children any more
But barren ſhould ſhe be therefore.

The ſhepheards and the Angels eke
When that our Sauiour Chriſt was borne
With voice did laud that lambe ſo meeke
That died for mankind without ſcorne
We ought to praiſe the Lord alſo
With muſicks art in wealth and woe.

A ſong well ſet well ſung with voice,
Or other muſicke handled fine,
Farre paſſeth any earthly noyſe
Yea rather is a thing diuine.
And ſome doe writ that Muſicke euen

Doth

Doth represent the ioyes of heauen.

Since Musick is a science such,
That God will honoured be withall
A fish and fowle ioyes therein much
And euery thing to nature thrall
Hath he not then a stony heart
That can dispraise this noble art.

Loue Musicke therefore in her use
Loue Poetry void of abuse
Heare songs and Instruments sometimes
So as they leade not to ill crimes
And thus an end of Musicks praise
Which God aduance in all our dayes.

FINIS.

A song in commendation of diuers instruments of Musicke.

PRaise the Lord O man mortall
Night and day upon him call
Sing and say both great and small
That God is good and iust:
Search and seeke the Scripture well
It doth testifie and tell
Euery one in ioy shall dwell.

That

That in the Lord doth trust.

Take the ſounding Trumpet ſhrill
Tabrell and the ſweete Timbrill
Winde the Flute with right good will
That Saints on earth may heare,
Let the Drummer ſtrike amaine,
Till our ſpirituall foes be ſlaine
Then with ioy retire againe,
And ſerue the Lord in feare.

Bring the Bandora to play,
Let the Bumbard come and Bray
Put not Dulcimers away
Nor pipes that praiſe the Lord.
Send the Cinfan and Simball
Sacbuts long and virginall
Let the Lute and Citterns ſmall
Agree with one accord.

Heare the Crumpehorne and the Harpe
Hoboiſe and the Regale ſharpe
Let the Vialls come and carpe
Our minds for to delight,
Sing with Shalmes and Pſalterie
Play vpon the Organes hie
Cauſe the Cornets for to crie
In skillfull peoples ſight.

Learne

Learne in Gods word how you may
Vse these Instruments in play
Putting the abuse away
That wicked men doe vse.
Let your mirth and Musicke still
Be according to Gods will
Carnall lust for euer kill
On good things alwayes muse.

March with Moses valiantly
Answer Miriam singingly
After Israels victorie
On Pharaoh and his hoast:
Ioy with ioyfull Iaell shee
Debora and Baruck hee
VVho did Siseras downfall see
Of whom there was much boast.
Brittaine thinke on things of waighe
Spaniards comming eighty eight
VVith the Powder plot conceipt
VVhereof all sores should taste
Dally not with God therefore
Trust not Papists any more
Banish them that blessings store,
May come to vs in hast.

Their Sinnes of Idolla-try

Out

Our Sinnes of impiety
Both of them to God doth cry
For vengeance night and day
Let vs therefore now repent
And all our sinfull wayes lament
Let our minds to good be bent
And we shall liue for aye.

FINIS.

A song against Fortune and those that haue or doe defend the same, which may be sung to the Tune of: Fortune my foe, why dost thou frowne on me.

FOrtune shall be no Idoll or guide of mine,
Fortune to thee, nothing I will resigne:
Fortune thou art the heathens Queene and Princesse
How should a Christian take thee for his Mistres,

Fortune some say like hollow rolles wheele,
Turning the same vnto her power may feele
Fortune doth giue, and take life and liuelode,
Thus euery way, is Fortune tooke for Mistres.

But shall I shew the folly of this thing?
And credit haue? Then giue me leaue to bring
Then giue me leaue, & I will shew this Heathenesse
To be no God: desse Princesse Queene or Mistresse

Fortune what is it who can tell or shew?

It

It is no God nor Angell this we know:
No man nor woman, no creature dumbe or senseles,
No vice nor vertue to be made a Princesse.

What world or worke did Fortune make or frame?
What law or Gospel comes forth in her name?
Whom doth shee call to count with as Princesse?
Where will shee raigne when this world is turn'd to ashes?

Seeth no man can define what Fortune is,
Nor yet declare, her workes of bale or blisse:
Seeth none did ever see or know this Princesse,
Why should a christian take her for his Mistres?

In God therefore, that made both Sea and land,
Heaven, earth, and all things with his mightie hand
In him alone, the father of all mercies,
I put my trust above all earthly Princes.

Fortune and Fancy, Haz'rd and Hope and chance
Venture and Destiny, I poke an ignorance,
God will destroy and call account of Princesse,
Of young and old, of servants and of Mistres.

Fortune ye see, hath neither name,
Which Heathen Nations, to themselues did frame:
Of prophane people, only she is Princesse, Mistres.
And therefore christians should haue no such

Where God is knowne and truely knowne indeed,
There Fortunes name, is hatefull with all speed:
Yea all grosse sinne, which doth our God offend,
Which thing I pray'e, and so my song shall end.

FINIS.

A song or Ditty made on this theame I know not what, wherein is shewed how men ought not to set their mindes on worldy pleasure but on the living Lord.

To the tune of Lubandalashoti: and doth rownd on the names of them that gaue the theame, and his that made the song.

WHo viewes the life of mortall man
His state and where of he began:
Shall find such hugy heapes of woe,
As neithe tongue nor penne can show:
Wherewith our mindes should daunted bee
From vsing worldly mirth and glee
And moove vs to consider well:
What paines here are prepar'd in hell
For wicked people as their lot
which haue done heare they know not (what.
If euerie man would heare Gods word,
and reuerently obey the Lord:
Then wickednesse would not abound,
But grace and vertue would be found
In yong and old in hie and low,
In seruants and in children also
In rich and poore in great and small
In preachers and in people all

Wh

Who delight in this and that
And often doe they know not what.

Looke round about in each degree
And marke what crimes and faults we see
Behold the court and country too
And then note well what great adoe
There is in euery kind of state
Few are content with simple rate
But euery one will clime aloft
Till triall hath them plainely taught
Tis vaine in hope of this or that,
To say or doe they know not what.

Loue is not found but here and there,
Lewd lust doth flourish euery where;
Good lawes are made but kept at will,
Loose liuing it increaseth still.
Like swine we wallow in the mire,
And seeke to follow vaine desire:
Let God or man say what they please
We hunt for pleasure wealth and ease,
And for the loue of this and that
We say and doe we know not what.

In pompe and pride we doe excell,
Like Lucifer the Diuell of hell;
All new found fashions we doe crate,

To make our bodies fine and braue,
But for our soules we little care,
Small suites for it we doe prepare:
We gard and lace vs round about,
In iagges and flagges we let it out,
Some will weare this, some will weare that,
And some will weare they know not what.
All wher doth rule but tricks of youth,
Say those that doe not know the truth:
Not one of twenty when they wed,
Doe bring vnto the Marriage bed,
Their bodies pure as Christians ought,
But fleshly pleasure first is sought:
And for to cloake their filthy deed
They must be sure in church to speed,
Then they doe liue like Dog and Cat,
Because they did they know not what.
Much swearing many a one doth vse,
And so the Name of God abuse
Some sweare by woundes, by blood and heart,
By foote by sides and euery part:
By Masse by cocke by light by fire,
By bread and all we can desire.
By faith and troth though they haue none
By Saints and Angels many a one,
Some sweare by this, some sweare by that,

And some doe sweare they know not what.

Fie on the drowsie drunken sort,
that in excesse delight and sport:
Fie on all ale-knights that will quaffe,
to make men drunk when they may laugh
Fie on all potmates that delight,
to serue God Bacchus day and night,
To them belongs red eyes and nose,
to them belongs the ragged cloathes
For they still drinke of this and that
vntill they doe they know not what.

O when will couetousnes bedeft,
with fraud and guile deceit and theft:
Or when will vsurie take his flight,
with flattery falshood craft and spight,
When shall the poore in good state liue,
by helpes and gifts that rich men giue:
When will our land-Lords be content,
to let their Farmes at the old rent.
Alas they cannot heare of that,
But they would haue they know not what.

See how the Sabboth is abus'd,
and all good exercise refus'd:
O see what pastimes men deuise,
to please their carnall eares and eies.

Few take delight to heare Gods word,
but like bruite beasts they rise from board:
To daunce to boule to gaud and game,
though preachers oft reproouo the same.
Some follow this, some follow that,
and some doe follow they know not what.

The Dice and Cardes esteemed be,
of rich and poore we daily see:
Till all is gone there is no stay,
but at the Dice it must away.
The married man the Batcheler,
the prentice and the traueler:
They follow gaming earnestly,
vntill they come to beggery.
Examples draw them not from that,
but still they doe they know not what.

Enfor'it I am to tell you plaine,
what sinnes among us still remaine:
That true repentaance may abound,
while God in mercy may be found.
For time will come when we shall say,
what fooles we were to goe astray:
And if we knock t'will be too late,
for we shall answered be at gate.
Depart from hence I know you not,
which haue done here you know not what

Repentance

Repentance God doth not denie,
if wo doe aske before we die:
And put not of from time to time,
th' amendment of each fault and crime.
And marke also what things are taught,
and print them in your mind and thought
Beat downe your wills with wit and grace,
and foster not in any case:
Your leude attempts to this or that,
but in Gods word learne what is what.

In humble sort pray we, pray we,
vnto one God and persons three:
O let vs magnifie his name,
and sound out praises to the same.
He hath given vs as may be seene,
a royall King, a Prince and Queene.
Nothing we lacke in these our dayes,
wherefore let vs walke in his wayes
Regarding neither this nor that:
but seeke to know still what is what.

Here will I knit vp and conclude,
now will I end my verses rude
O you that are disposed to sing,
to read or heare this simple thing:
Desire of God and so will I:
That we may profit well hereby

Euen for his sonne Christs Iesus sake,
to whom let us our selues betake.
So shall all neuer be forgot,
for he will teach vs what is what.

FINIS.

A song against slaunderous tongues shewing that no sort of good men did or euer could escape them.

WHo so thou be that liuest best,
and least of all deseruest blame,
That would'st passe through aboue the rest,
this world without reproch and shame.
Come marke and see and credit me,
all slanderous tongues would trouble thee.

If thou could'st walke with God himselfe,
as Henoch did Noah by name:
If Shem and Iaphets bashfullnes,
were thine in hiding fathers shame.
Yet marke and see, and credit me:
all slanderous tongues would trouble thee.

If thou had'st Abra'ms faith and trust,
with Isa'kes Iacobs and that traine t

If Iosephs chastity thou hadst,
and prouidence for countryes gaine.
Yet marke and see and credit me,
all slanderous tongues would trouble thee.

If like to Deborah thou could'st be,
to Iael Barack and the best:
To Gideon and to Iephtha he,
to Samson stronger than the rest.
Yet marke and see and credit me:
all slanderous tongues would trouble thee.

If thou hadst Samuels righteousnes,
with Dauids harpe and holines:
The loue of Ionathan and those,
that Saule the king tooke for his foes.
Yet marke and see and credit me:
all slanderous tongues would trouble thee.

If thou in princely seat did'st sit,
to rule the Realme with golden mace.
If thou were Solomon in wit,
and cam'st of hie renowned race.
Yet marke and see and credit me,
all slanderous tongues will trouble thee.

If thou had'st all the cunning skill,
that euer learned man could haue.

If

If thou in godly exercise,
spend'st time untill thou goest to grave:
Yet marke and see and credit me,
all slanderous tongues will trouble thee.

If thou had'st all King Cressus gold,
and daily did'st the poore relieve:
If God and nature had bestow'd,
on thee all gifts that they could give,
Yet marke and see and credit me,
all slanderous tongues will trouble thee.

If thou to Marriage giv'st thy minde,
a number then their fancies say:
Some like it well, some fault will finde,
and some will dash it if they may.
In this good worke still credit me,
all slanderous tongues will trouble thee.

If Virgin-like thou mean'st to live,
or if a Maiden course thou take:
If publike, or if private life,
if lay or Clergie man thou make,
Yet marke and see and credit me,
all slandrous tongues will trouble thee.

Was not our Saviour Christ thus us'd
of Iewish people to his face:
Were not the Prophets so abus'd,

and

and the Apoſtles in like caſe.
What good men now among us bee,
that have from ſlandrous tongue bin free.

Then to conclude ſeeth it is ſo,
that ſlandrous tongues all ſorts will bite:
Let faith and patience be thy guide.
and let the Lord give them their right:
Till then pray thou to God with me.
to mend thoſe tongues that ſlandrous be.

FINIS.

A ſong or ditty, ſhewing the nature of the ambitious, and what is true happineſſe, namely to live as that we may make a good end before death.

THe happy life in theſe our dayes,
That all doth ſeek both ſmall and great:
Is who may gaine, or win the praiſe,
or who may ſit in higheſt ſeat:
But in this life happ what happ ſhall,
the happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning oft we ſee,
but ſeldome ſtandeth at one ſtay:
For few doe like the meane degree,

then

then prayse at parting some men say,
To death seeth euery one is thrall:
the happy end exceedeth all.

To be as wise as Cato was,
or rich as Crœsus in his life:
To haue the strength of Hercules,
which did subdue by force and strife.
What helpeth it when Death doth call:
the happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire,
the more offence doth daily grow:
The greater paine it doth require,
except the Lord some pitty shew.
Wherefore I thinke and euer shall:
the happy end exceedeth all.

The rich my well the poore releeue,
the rulers may redresse much wrong:
The learned can good counsell giue,
but marke the end of this my song.
Who shewes good fruites happy I call,
his happy end exceedeth all.

FINIS.

A ſong in diſpraiſe of ſpight and malice.

To the tune of: Now leaue and let me reſt.

WHen ſpight hath ſpent his worſt,
and malice wrought his will,
Then truth will trie the laſt,
and ſift the good from ill.
Though truth may haps be blam'd
by ſpight and ſpightfull parts,
Yet truth ſhall not be ſham'd
for all their ſpightfull hearts.

For truth will trie it ſelfe,
at length with honeſt fame:
When that the ſpightfull elfe,
ſhall hide his head for ſhame.
Spight is a ſpightfull ſin,
with falſhood to prouide,
A ſpightfull fained friend,
hath poyſon in his tayle.

Spight ſpies out ſpightfull wayes,
a true man to deſtroy,
And laughs when he decayes,
ſuch is his ſpightfull ioy:
Yet ſpeake out ſpight and ſpare not,
to ſpend thy ſpight diſpreed,
For all thy ſpight I care not,

nor

nor for no ſpights full wratch.

For when thy ſpight is ſpent,
and truth ſhall come in place:
Then ſhame thy ſelfe ſhall ſhent,
and ſhew thy ſhamefull face:
For truth ſhall ſtill prevaile,
in ſpight of ſpights ill minde:
Though ſpight ſpightfull rayles,
as curres that bite behinde.

God ſendes them all miſ-chance,
that ſpends ſuch ſpightfull droſſe,
With falſhood to advance,
themſelues with others loſſe.
For ſpight I little care,
let ſpight ſpie out his worſhe:
And make of ſpight no ſpare,
for in truth will I truſt.

Sith truth did never faile,
at length for his defence:
Againſt wrong to provaile,
for all his falſe pretence.
Vſe falſhood they that liſt,
in earneſt or in gaine:
A falſe man never miſſe,
for falſhood to haue ſhame.

A sorrowfull song or sonnet, wherin is lamented our miserable estate in this life hunting after vanity.

To the tune of Labandalashor.

TO view the state of mans vnrest,
I muse oft times in mournfull brest:
What causeth him by sundry wayes,
to seeke for worldly pelfe and praise.
What hope, what helpe, what tried trust,
what ioy or stay in things vniust,
What sureance haue we here to bide?
we come and goe as doth the tide:
And yet we take felicitie,
to loue this worldly vanitie.

How many mischiefes may befall,
vpon thy head O man mortall?
When thou in ioy and iollitie,
doest little thinke of miserie.
Great heapes of heavie harmefull haps,
doth luckelesly light in our laps:
The snatching snare of death is spread,
and man on sodaine is strooke dead:
Yea tract of time doth plainly try,
this world to be but vanitie.

O wicked Dives man of mold,
that

that hadst all pleasures twentie fold:
Th'abuse thereof doth record beare,
that thou wouldst not impart nor spare
One farthing to the fatherlesse,
nor needie neighbors in distresse:
Can riches bring thee backe againe,
out of this place of plunging paine?
Where thou in woefull wanes must lie,
bereft of worldly vanitie.

My mind is much dismayd to see
both high and low of each degree
How cunningly their parts they play,
as though this world should last for aye.
The king in higher place would sit:
the subiect thinkes himselfe most fit,
To rule and raigne in regall state,
that in the sight of all and gate
He may be seene to sit on hie,
amidst this worldly vanitie.
All good aduise and counsell graue,
which we in memory should haue
Is cast into oblivion,
and cleane forgot of euerie man.
Examples rare, of holie liues,
will not procure vs to repent:
His benefits we blow away,
his sacred word we doe refuse, His

His mercies powred plenteously,
we doe reiect for vanitie.

Such lawlesse Lawyers some there be,
that pleades on both sides as wee see:
For many makes the matter sure,
and maister Mendax will procure,
That you shall be dispatcht with speed:
if you can helpe him at his need:
These prating parasites God knowes,
which in the silly sheepe-skin goes:
Deceiueth men by flatterie,
and all for worldly vanitie.

Prepend the life of merchants eke,
how ventrously at sea they seeke,
For their advantage many miles,
and then with sundry worldly wiles:
The simple sort they doe deceiue,
and so the web of sin thy weane:
For that with othes and countenance made,
the country people they perswade:
All ware is good of honestie,
when it is worse then vanitie.

If we would thinke vpon our state,
and in our selues be at debate:
A remedie there might be found,

to beat our sinnes vnto the ground,
But we in wantonnesse doe spend,
our life and liuings to the end:
And hatocke makes such wast and spoyle,
that Lazers poore doe starue the while:
Instead of hospitalitie,
is Bacchus bankets of gluttonie.

Could swinish Sodom liue more ill,
and be so bent to wanton will:
Or could Gomorra truly say,
that we liue not so ill as they,
If we be iudge our selues herein,
yet must we looke to sinke for sinne:
Our careless life calls to the Lord,
for vengeance great of fire and sword:
We haue no care to liue godly,
but to delight in vanitie.

From friends to flatterers we come,
from God to godlesnesse we runne:
Of whoredome now is nothing made,
and drunkennesse is no ill trade.
We iest it out when we defame,
our neighbours nothing worthy blame:
Vpon suspect reuenge we will,
what so we doe it is not ill:
To beare false witnesse wrongfully,

some are content for vanitie.

Of sacred scriptures we will none,
for we can read the same at home:
Of ministers we haue no care,
we doe deride them here and there:
We loathe their learned exhortations,
which should be for our owne saluations;
Such like reprochfull words for the vse,
Gods messengers for to abuse:
For they reproue their iollitie,
and say it is but vanitie.

Refraine the fantasies deere friends,
aske mercy for your former sinnes
Accompt this world to be but lent,
praise God and alwayes be content:
His benefits both great and small,
we must giue reckning for them all:
Our time is short right well we know,
and none is sure when he shall goe:
With speed then let's prepare to die,
for sure this word is vanitie.

Death is the end of mortall life,
and death doth cease all worldly strife:
He bridles vp the brainsicke foole,
and doth dispute in fancies schoole,

Where dainty damsels he doth meet,
and laps them all in shrowding sheet:
All Adams amorous impes beside,
which decke themselues in pomp & pride:
With vgly face most rufully,
he takes them from their vanity.

If I might moue the minde of man,
onely in heart to way and scan:
How I haue now in verse displaid,
nothing but truth in that is sayd.
Repentance sure with teares would call,
helpe Lord forgiue thy people all:
O guide our steps still with thy word,
deliuer vs from euill good Lord,
Inflame our hartes with ioyes on hie,
so shall we hate all vanitie.

In this song we are put in mind of our fraile and weake estate, and we are taught how to lull and bring asleepe our affections that we may goe to God.

To the tune of the 15. Psalme.

SIng lullaby as women doe,
wherewith they bring their babes to rest:
And lullaby can I sing too,

as womanly as can the best:
With lulaby the child they ſtill,
with ſugred ſongs they ſing out ſhrill:
Such wanton babes God knowes haue I,
that muſt be ſtild with lulaby.

Firſt lulaby my youthfull yeares,
it is now time to goe to bed:
For crooked age and hoarie haires,
haue wonne the haven in my head.
With lulaby then youth be ſtill,
with lulaby ſubdue thy will:
Sith courage quailes and comes behind,
goe ſleepe and ſo beguile thy mind.

Next lulaby my wanton playes,
let reaſons rule reſtraine thy thought:
Since that I finde by ſundry wayes,
how deere thou haſt thy ſporting bought.
With lulaby take thou thine eaſe,
with lulaby thy dumps appeaſe:
Bleſt is that wight which ere he die,
doth ſing aright this lulaby.

Now lulaby my gaſing eyes,
that wonted were to glance apace,
For every glaſſe may now ſuffice,
to ſhew the furrowes in my face.

With lulaby then winke a while,
with lulaby thy lookes beguile:
Let no faire face nor beauty bright,
entice thee vnto vaine delight.

And lulaby my body eke,
which once was clad in trim attire
Warme furs to cloth thee now goe seeke,
in chayer keepe thee by the fire.
And lulaby let some man sing,
while thou to God doest make reckning:
Prepare thy selfe alwayes to dye,
forget not this my lulaby.

With lulably then bring asleepe,
dispaire which commeth by mistrust:
And Sathans doubts which faine would creep
into our hearts that are but dust.
Put confidence in Gods mercy,
and euermore sing lulaby:
Commit thy selfe to Christ alone,
with him to ioy when life is gone.

Last lulaby in graue we make,
amidst the greedy wormes in clay:
Vntill that Christ accompt shall take,
of euery one at the last day.
Wherefore let vs sing lulaby,

till

till all his ſinnes ſleepe quietly:
And then to God make haſt away,
in heauen with him to liue for aye.

The lamentable mone of a ſorrowfull ſoule.

IN trouble thus I heard one cry,
Vpon his knees with weeping eye,
Saying, O whither ſhould I flie,
Where might I wiſh my ſelfe to be,
That God take no account of me.

For why my ſinnes are growne ſo great,
That if I come to iudgement ſeat,
In vaine it is for to intreat,
A place therefore to hide me in,
I craue by reaſon of my ſinne.

If in the heauens I ſeeke to be,
There muſt I needes be ſeene of thee,
In hell is no defence for me,
Thy preſence fills each place I know,
In heauen aboue and earth below.

If I had wings at will to flie,
Beyond the ſeas that fartheſt lie:
Yet there thy hand and power is nie,
To bind and bring me backe againe:

In place where I ſhould ſtill remaine.

Thou doeſt poſſeſſe me every whit,
My heart my raines my head my wit,
My ſinewes that my joynts doe knit,
Thou broughtſt me from my mothers womb,
And thou ſhalt raiſe me from my tomb.

Thy paſſing power thy workes declare,
Thy threats ſhew what thy terrors are,
Thou ſeeſt all ſecrets every where,
My ſoule therefore that is in woe,
Alas then whether ſhall it goe?

As I was in this great diſtreſſe,
One ſpake and ſayd to me doubtleſſe:
Deſpaire not man through heavineſſe,
For God delighteth not to ſee,
The death of ſinners credit me.

By faith on theſe words I tooke hold,
And yet I durſt not be too bold,
But tremblingly as one acold,
I prayd and gaue God thankes withall:
For comfort in ſuch wo full thrall.

And thus I was receiued well,
As one releaſt from paines of hell,

My

My horror sute no tongue can tell,
Those pinching paines that I did feele:
Would surely breake an heart of steele.

A Christian promise then made I,
And vow'd a vow to God on hie,
That from henceforth continually,
His faithfull servant I will be:
Which to performe Christ strengthen me.

You sinners obstinate and ill,
That daily doe resist Gods will,
Giue eare now to my crying shrill.
Amend your liues while you haue space,
Or else you are in wofull case.

For our good King now let us pray,
The Lord preserue him night and day:
His counsell eke God keepe for aye,
This Realme good Lord saue and defend,
From euery foe to the worlds end.

A ditty declaring the fervent desire of a christian soule.

To the tune of, O Lord of whom I doe depend.

SWeete Iesus who shall giue me wings,
of pure and perfect loue:

That

That I may mount from earthly things,
and rest with thee aboue.
For heere beneath I flie about,
in weake and weary case:
Like to the Doue that Noe sent out,
which found no resting place.

Euen thou O Iesus by thy power,
must giue me wings to flie:
Else shall I neuer know thy lure,
to stoope obediently.
Ne can I rise off from the fist,
of worldly pleasures vaine
But stubbornely thy will resist,
to mine eternall paine.

My wearie wings sweete Iesus marke,
and grant me my request:
Put forth thy hand out of thine Arke,
and take me to thy rest.
For sure with thee are endlesse ioyes,
and no man there laments:
But here with vs are great annoyes,
whereof each one repents.

In heauen thy Saints doe sing to thee,
without all strife and feare:
But we on earth at variance be,
and subiect much to care.

Deggerly conceipts and base,
O toyes of deepe contempt:
From which sweet Iesus by thy grace,
my silly soule exempt.

For I have learn'd to loath those things,
wherein I did delight:
And unto thee the King of kings,
I come with all my might:
Craving a place with thy great host,
where I may sing alwayes:
To Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
all honour laud and praise.

Two most excellent songs or Ditties, made by Queene Elizabeth, as it is credibly reported (and as it is very likely by some words in it) in the yeare 1588. When the Spaniard came to possesse this land and is in manner of a prayer to God.

DEliver me O Lord my God,
from all my foes that be:
And eke defend all Christian soules,
that put their trust in thee.
Preserve us now and evermore,
from all the wicked traine,
Who long and thirst for Christians bloud,
and

and neuer will refraine.

Mine enemies O Lord be ſtrong
and thou the ſame doſt know:
And that without offence in me,
they ſeeke mine ouerthrowe.
My hope and helpe in all diſtreſſe,
hath euer beene in thee:
And thou, O Lord, of thy goodneſſe,
didſt ſtill deliuer me.
Come now and end this ſtrife likewiſe,
the cauſe is wholly thine:
Wherfore to thee my ſelfe and ſuite,
I wholly doe reſigne.

The other ſong of Queene Elizabeth made in manner of a thankeſgiuing to God for her and our deliverance from the inuincible Nauie of the Spaniard (as he termed it) which thanks and praiſe was performed at Saint Pauls croſſe in London.

LOoke and bow downe thine eare O Lord,
from thy bright ſphe are behold and ſee
Thy handmaid and thy handy worke,
among thy Prieſts offring to thee.
Ecco's reſounding vp the skies:
my ſelfe and ſcepter ſacrifice,

My

My ſoule aſcend his holy place,
aſcribe him ſtrength, and ſing him prayſe:
For hee reſtraineth Princes ſpirits,
and hath wrought wonders in our dayes.
He made the windes and waters riſe:
and did deſtroy mine enemies.

This Iacobs head, this Iſraels God,
the fiery piller and the cloud:
Which kept the Saints from Pharoahs rod,
and drencht the honour of the proud:
He hath preſerued now in loue,
the ſoule of me his turtle doue.

A Carroll for Chriſtmas day.
To the tune of Rogeero.

VVE come to ſing of Chriſt our King,
According to the time,
Therefore prepare and giue good eare,
Let hearts and all incline.

Divinitie our cheife Story,
which ſpeakes of mans Saluation:
Shewes that the Lord by his pure word,
made all good by creation.

Mankind did beare Gods Image faire,
the creatures all were bleſt:

Then

Then sathans evill made him a divell,
and he gave man small rest.

But tempted him by *Eva's* sinne,
till Paradice was gone:
Thus they and we were left you see,
in fearefull state each one.

Then God above in tender love,
to men that was but dead:
Said that indeed the womans seed,
should breake the Serpents head.

To *Abraham* to *Isaack* then,
to *Iacob*, and the Iewes:
A covenant sure aye to endure,
God made of this good newes.

Before their eyes in Sacrifice,
our Saviour was displayd,
In figure, types and other rites,
on Altar he was laid.

To Priests, to Kings were shew'd these things
to Prophets and the rest:
Who did assure that *Virgin* pure,
should beare this heavenly guest,

Realmes

Realmes now in peace all warres did ceaſe
Iohn Baptiſt came to preach:
And he likewiſe did ſome baptize,
that heard when he did teach.

The time full come God ſent his Sonne,
in ſhape of ſinfull fleſh:
Thus God and man one Chriſt became,
our ſoules for to refreſh.

Angels did bring newes of this thing,
to Shepheards in the night:
To whom they ſaid be not afraid,
at this ſo heavenly ſight.

But goe your way and make no ſtay,
Chriſt is at Bethelem:
Behold him there borne poore and bare,
for ſinne of mottall men.

Then glorioully from heaven hie,
the Angels they did ſing:
Praiſe to Gods name, peace without blame,
on earth to men living.

Shepheards did goe and found it ſo,
as Angels had foretold:
Chriſt meekly lay ſwadled in hay,

within

within the ſtable cold.

This child he is our ſoules cheiſe bliſſe,
our tree of life and all.
Our *Abell* ſlaine our *Iſaack* plaine,
our *Ioſeph* left in thrall.

Our paſchall lambe that hether came,
for his deere *Spouſe* to die,
Our Manna ſweet our Rocke ſo deepe,
our Arke of Sanctuarie.

Our mercy Seate our altar great,
ou Lampe and lauor faire,
Our prieſt our King and euery thing,
that we might not deſpaire.

What thankes and praiſe in all our daies,
ought we and ours to giue,
Vnto Gods name that wrought the ſame,
Long time ere man did liue.

This is the day of our great ioye,
if we will ioy therein:
And not aſſigne this bleſſed time,
to vanitie and ſinne.

But euermore in vertues ſtore,
to ſpend our daies aright,

Which

Which God grant vs through *Christ Iesus*,
to doe with all our might.

Another Carroll for Christmas day: made as if it were spoken by Christ to Adam and his posteritie.

REmember O thou man, O thou man, O thou man
Remember O thou man, thy time mis-spent,
Remember O thou man how thou camst to me than,
And I did what I can, therefore repent.

Remember *Adams* fall, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember *Adams* fall from heaven to hell:
Remember *Adams* fall, how we were condemn'd all
To hell perpetuall there for to dwell.

Remember Gods goodnes O thou man O thou man
Remember Gods goodnes, and promise made, (lesse
Remember Gods goodnes, his son should come doubt
Our faults for to redresse, bee not afraide.

The Angels all did sing, O thou man, O thou man,
The Angels all did sing on the Shepheards hill,
The Angels all did sing praise to our heauenly king,
And peace to man living with a good will.

(man
The Shepheards amazed was, O thou man, O thou
The Shepheards amazed was to heare Angels sing.
The Shepheards amazed was, how that should come
That Christ our Messias should be our King, (to passe

To Bethelem do they goe, O thou man, O thou man

To Bethelem doe they goe these Shepheards three,
To Bethelem doe they goe, to see if that were so,
That Christ were borne or no to fetch us free.

As the Angels before did say, O thou man, O thou man,
As the Angels before did say it came to passe:
As the angels before did say, they found the babe wher
In manger wrapped in hay, so poore it was.

Give thanks to God alway, O thou man, O thou man
Give thankes to God alway with hearts most jolly,
Give thanks to God alway for this most joyfull day,
Let all men sing and say, Holy, Holy, Holy.

A Carroll for S. Stephens day.

The holding of the same.

O Lord our God poure downe thy grace,
and holy Spirit from heauen:
That we may celebrate aright,
Christs birth as did Saint *Stephen*.

The Dittie it selfe.

When *Iesus Christ* ascended was,
into the heavens hie:
His twelve Apostles spent much time,
in praying earnestly.

And when the holy Ghost was sent,
they preached bold by skill:
The word of God in every place,

according to his will.

The number of the Church increas'd,
and grew exceedingly:
So that the Apostles lacked helpe,
in that their ministrie.

Wherefore they chose seuen worthy men,
of good report and fame:
That tooke the almes vp for the poore,
the blind, the halt, and lame.

Saint *Stephen* that worthy Martyr he,
was one of them they chose:
A man full of the holy Ghost,
against whom there arose.

A proud sect of the *Libertines*,
that did enuie him sore:
Still seeking him to persecute,
that he should speake no more.

They hyred some to sweare and say,
that *Stephen* spake blasphemie:
Against the Lord and Moses law,
for which he ought to die.

Then to the Counsell he was brought,

to purge him of that crime:
Which thing he did moſt worthily,
before them at that time.

When they had heard theſe words and ſaw,
he feared not the thiefe:
Their hearts for anger burſt and they,
gnaſht on him with their teeth.
They gaue a ſhout with voyces loud,
and lead him ſtraight away:
Then did they ſtone him into death,
yet he for them did pray.

O Lord forgiue their ſinne (quoth he)
and doe my ſoule ſtill keepe:
Vpon his knees he prayed thus,
and ſo did fall a ſleepe.

Such patience grant to us (O Lord)
and eke ſuch conſtancie,
When for thy truth or otherwiſe,
we ſhall be brought to die.

A Carroll for Saint Iohns day.

The holding of the ſame.

BEfore the Lord now let vs ſing,
with all the ioy we can:

That

That we may rightly celebrate,
Christs birth with good Saint *Iohn*.

The Carroll it ſelfe.

According to Gods promiſe made,
in mercy to *Mankind*,
Chriſt Ieſus came into the world,
as we in Scripture find.

Of whom the *Prophets* prophecied,
long time ere he was ſent:
That he ſhould be a Sauiour,
to all that doe repent.

Our Sauiour Chriſt both God and man,
when theſe things ended were:
And he had led his life on earth,
the ſpace of thirtie yeere.

He did begin to call the twelue,
and taught them earneſtly:
To preach his fathers will in all,
the Regions faire and nie.

And as he walked by the Sea,
he ſaw both *Iames* and *Iohn*:
The ſonnes of ſimple *Zebedie*,
who was a fiſher-man.

Christ called them and they forthwith,
obeyed him and came:
Wherefore Apostles they were made,
to preach still in his name.

Saint *Iohn* was borne by mothers side,
of great and royall blood:
Though he were once a fisher-man,
and after fed Christs flocke.

He came of *Mary Salome*,
of *Davids* branch most deere,
And Sister to the Virgin pure,
that bare our Saviour deere.

The words of this Euangelist,
hath sounded euery where:
Vnto the comfort of all those,
that serue the Lord in feare.

Wherefore let vs with cheerefull hearts,
sing prayses to Gods name:
And in our Christian life like *Iohn*,
still imitate the same.

FINIS.

The Country mans comfort.

A Carroll for Innocents Day.

The holding of the Carroll.

WEeping & mourning there was heard
in *Rama* did complaine:
That wofull woman *Rachel* ſhee,
her children they were ſlaine.

The words of the Carroll it ſelfe.

When that th'eternall *Sonne* of *God*,
by providence diuine,
Into this ſinfull world did come,
mankind for to redeeme.

Then *Bethelem Iuda* thought her ſelfe,
thriſe happy and thriſe bleſt:
That ſhee was found a worthy place,
to lodge that heauenly gueſt.

Wiſe-men there came from the Eaſt parts,
to worſhip this yong King,
Farre they had ſeene his ſtarre appeare:
which did foretell this thing.

WVhen *Herod* heard of this ſtrange newes,
O he was troubled ſore:
And all *Hieruſalem* with him,
they were in an vprore.

He called the Priests and asked them,
where this great King should be:
They answered at *Bethelem*,
if he would search and see.

In secret then did *Herod* call,
the wise men vnto him:
To know what time the *starr* appeared,
of this the new borne king.

And when he knew the certaintie,
he bid the wisemen goe,
And bring him word that he might come,
and worship him also.

But in a dreame God warned them,
the King not to obey:
Wherefore as they returned home,
they went another way.

When *Herod* knew of this he said,
this yong King I will quaile:
Ten thousand for his sake shall die:
with blood I will prevaile.

The Infants young of two yeares old,
by *Herods* campe were slaine:
Their guiltlesse soules God hath receiu'd
in Heauen with him to raigne.

To

To Ioseph then an Angell spake,
in sleepe as we may read:
Saying take Mary and the child,
and hast away with speede.

To *Nazareth* then was Iesus brought
and there he nursed was:
Vntill such time as he was cal'd,
vnto an other place.

A Carroll for Newyeares day setting out vnto vs the true circumcision of the heart, without the which the circumcision of the outward members was of none effect.

To the tune of any ordinary Psalme.

REioyce we in the Lord our God,
for this ioyfull new yeare:
And let our holinesse of life,
from day today appeare.

The law of Circumcision now,
we humbly call to minde;
Yeelding most hearty thanks therefore,
to God that is so kind.
He made his sonne our saiuour Christ,
obedient to the law:

For vs that disobedient were,
and would not line in awe.

Not to the end we should abide,
in sin as heretofore:
But that we might repent and pray,
henceforth to sinne no more.
This law of circumcision first,
God gaue to Abraham
And to the fathers euery one
long time before Christ came.

As we haue Baptisme now in vse,
so did they hold and keepe:
This ordinance which was a signe,
betweene God and his sheepe.
The badge, the marke, the Sacrament,
whereby all men did know:
They were his chosen people then,
and he their God also.

The eight day after that their sonnes,
into the world were borne,
The Priests did circumcise them all,
or else thy were forlorne.
The foreskinne of their privie parts,
with sharpe knife they did pare:
And cald the children by that name,

which

which then was giuen there.

The women children were contain'd,
vnder the males each one:
Wherefore they gaue them not the signe,
of circumcision.
This signified and did set forth,
vnto the peoples view:
The Circumcision of the heart,
in all Gods children true.

And this the Lord did oft recite,
by all his prophets then:
And in like sort by Preachers now,
he shewes it to all men,
That God may haue his honour due,
and euery man his owne,
That Iustice may be ministred,
to make the truth well knowne.

That helpe may still be granted to,
the blinde the helt and lame:
The prisoners that afflicted are,
for Christ his truth and name.
Then shall we rightly hold and keepe,
this day cal'd New-yeares day:
By putting euill out of our hands,
the which God grant we may.

To whom be honour, laud, and praise,

from whom be given grace:
To vs that we may magnifie,
his name in euery place.
The father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
that euer loued vs deere:
Increase true amitie in vs,
and send a good new yeere.

A Carroll for Twelfe day.

On the Feast of the Epiphanie.

The holding of the Carroll.

CHrist manifested in the flesh,
to Iewes and Gentiles all:
Still shew himselfe to vs and ours,
when we doe cry and call.

The Carroll it selfe.

This feast of Christs *Epiphanie*,
or open setting out:
Vnto beleeving Gentiles all,
to put vs out of doubt.

That he the God and Sauiour is,
of Iewes and Gentiles too:
And makes one people of them both,
which none but he could doe.

He now saluted is of kings.

of

of *Magies* ſage and wiſe:
To Eaſterne *Æthiopians*,
his ſtarre did now ariſe.

This ſtarre it brought them to our Starre,
in dawning of the day:
I meane to Chriſt whoſe goſpell bright,
driues all darke clouds away.

They offer firſt to him fine gold,
to ſhew he is a King:
They gaue him Frankincenſe, and Mirrh,
which notes ſome other thing.

That he was man and that he had,
a ſacrifice to giue:
To God for all beleeuing ſoules,
ſo long as men ſhall liue.

Our ſpirituall King he is to rule,
our Prieſt and ſacrifice,
Our Prophet for to teach vs all,
till we be heauenly wiſe.

O Lord giue grace to vs therefore,
to yeeld obedience:
To thee, and to thy holy Word,
with all due reuerence.

So

So shall we reape the fruits thereof,
in heauen an other day:
When we with God and Christ shall raigne,
in euerlasting ioy.

Vnto which ioy he bring vs all,
that are of his elect:
And now accept of this our prayse,
with mercifull respect.

FINIS.

A song reporting the purpose for the Gunnepowder treason, and of our ioy and thankesgiving for our deliverance from that danger and all others.

REioyce England and ioy in him
that ioyes each Christian heart.
With songs of prayses neuer linne,
to laud him for your part.
Oh set, oh sing, and sweetly play,
Gods workes in verse and prose:
Declare and shew from day to day,
how he hath flaine our foes.
Exalt Gods goodnes to this land,
and to our late deare Queene,

That

That worthy Ladie dead and gone
in heauen still to be seene.
And now King *Iames* succeeds in place,
these kingdomes for to sway:
God graunt that his posterite,
may doe the like for aye.

As troubles doe abide all men,
so much more godly Kings.
That doe the gospell still maintaine,
and all the fruit it brings.
King *Iames* hath oft in dangers beene,
in Scotland as we know.
In England at his comming in,
he wanted not his foe.

Yet God in wondrous wise did saue,
and well deliuer him:
Yea made the traytors to bewray,
their owne intended sinne.
The cheife of them had their reward,
at Winchester that Cittie,
When on some others of their crue,
the King shewed royall pittie.

But Sathan and his Impes sleepe not,
new plots they still deuise
As this which was of Gunpowder,

apparant to our eyes:
This hellish worke this strange deuise,
surpassing all the rest:
Hath left a forehead marke for them,
that such we should detest.

These wanted neither friends nor coyne,
on euery side the seas:
To bring this busines to passe,
the Papistes hearts to please.
And if some of their multitude,
did neuer know of it:
Which of them would refuse to haue,
what others worne by wit.

All things with secrecie was kept,
and they were readie now:
To finish vp with stroke of strokes,
their foule and wicked vow.
But God bewrayed it on their houre,
yea they one letter sent:
Which op'ned all to King and state,
and voyd was their intent.

It was a woefull thing they sought,
the cutting off of all:
A bringing of this noble land,
to beggery and thrall.

I am aſtoniſht many times,
to thinke on the invention:
And muſe what men on earth there be,
that like of this intention.

Poore Proteſtants ſo cald in ſcorne,
by Papiſts day and night:
You neuer went with Maſſacres,
the Papiſts to deſpight.
For if you had then Papiſts throates,
like trumpets ſhrill would be:
To rayle and write in euery place,
till your heart bloods they ſee.

In blood at firſt they founded were,
by blood thy line and thriue:
In blood they alſo grounded are,
deuouring men aliue.
Yet once they muſt confounded be,
in Gods great harueſt day:
Wherefore fly Romiſh Babylon,
with all the ſpeed you may.

In the meane time let Chriſtians ſtriue,
to ſerue the Lord on hie:
Remembring each deliverance,
with thankes continually.
Lord looke on vs regard and heare,

our prayers and our praiſe,
And let our thankes appeare in life,
abhorring ſinfull wayes.
Amen.

A Game at Cheſſe with the Papiſts, or a Ditty made on that game againſt them and their evill practiſes.

YE Papiſts that can play at Cheſſe,
and guide your men in battell ray:
Your doings ſtill doe well expreſſe,
that you doe hope to haue a day.
And yet as cloſe as you can play,
to check the King and all his ſtate:
It is foreſeene to your decay,
that check without neck of force is mate.

Your pelting paune you thruſt before,
to make the way to worke your feate:
Your knights and rookes you haue in ſtore:
your Queene and Biſhop keepe their ſeat.
Your king cat holly we may ſay,
in Brittanie he would rule the ſtate:
No God nor man muſt ſay him nay,
yet check without neck of force is mate.

Your practiſe old to us well knowne,

doth vrge the wise and godly race:
Well to provide and saue their owne,
and eke your treasons to deface.
Although your paines do e check his grace,
the knights with neck set them agate,
And did well waigh in time and place,
that check without necke of force is mate.

Your Iugling gins and sleights most sly,
are no more seene then nose on face:
And that in the'nd ye shall well try,
when you doe hope they shall take place,
You shall be forc't to runne apace,
for that we watch early and late:
Well to provide and haue in chase,
that check without neck of force is mate.

The check that you to vs haue sent,
to necke most easly are alwayes:
All though to checking you are bent,
and we by necking win the praise.
Now check saith Parsons and there staies,
now neck saith Sutlife to thy pate:
And gaue to them without delay,
a passing pure and plaine checke mate.

Although your learning will not serue,
to giue to vs a checke indeed:

From old practise you doe not warue,
your bloody hearts to fat and feed.
Your powder plot makes all your seed,
to be abhor'd of Church and state,
For that there by all at one blow:
you meant to vs, check and check mate.

O Lord for Iesus Christ his sake,
keepe cleane and pure thy church to th' end
That we by faith may vndertake,
all truth in thee to comprehend.
Our King and realmes good Lord defend,
against all those that would vs checke:
That we on thee may so depend:
to haue alwayes a speedy neck.
Amen.

An exhortation to praise God for that worthy science and skill of Musick and for the great masters of the Art and their worthy workes.

PRaise God in whom only is found,
the fulnes of all skill:
And from whose wisdome floes the streame,
of knowledge at his will.

Praise him therefore for Musickes art,
a science of the seaven,

Which cheares the mindes of men on earth,
and Ioyes the Saints in heauen.

Praise him for *Iubal* and the rest,
that first did find and frame:
The ground and principles whereby,
We teach and learne the same.

Praise him for siluer trumpets twaine,
that he bad Moses frame:
For Israels rising vp to traine,
and resting by the same.

Praise him for *Davids* booke of Psalmes,
and for the songs of praise,
That *Solomon* did make and write,
in his most royall daies.

Praise him for *Asaph* and the rest,
whom *David* set to sing:
In presence of the holy Arke,
when *Solomon* was king.

Praise him for all the songs and play,
left vs by learned men,
Who by their studies night and day,
did much with inke and pen.

Praise him for those that loue this Art,
and doe the same maintaine:
Rewarding it with willing hart,
among the godly traine.

Praise him and pray that all abuse,
thereof may hated be:
And that the godly and right vse,
may rest in each degree.

Praise him and pray that those of skill,
may liue in *Har-mo-ny*:
And bring up youth with fauour still:
this art to dignifie.

Praise him and pray for our good King,
his Nobles and the rest:
Our Queene the Prince and the off-spring,
Lord let them all be blest.

Praise him, yea euer sing him praise,
on earth most ioyfully:
That after death our soules may sing,
his praise eternally.
Amen.

Certaine

Certaine graces before and after meat, in english meeter very breife & short for children to vse.

Grace before meat for poore and rich, made vpon the 4. Petition of the Lords Prayer, and made to the three persons in Trinitie.

1 OVr Father through Christ giue vs,
this day our dayly bread:
2 O Christ feed vs by faith in thee,
to liue when we are dead.

3 Thou Spirit of truth teach vs to pray,
with inward sighes and grones:
That both the Father and the Sonne,
may heare our plaints and mones.

O holy and blessed Trinitie,
one God in persons three:
Preserue thy church our king & realme,
and let vs come to thee.
Amen.

Grace after meat for the rich and wealthie of of the world.

AS thou hast fed our bodies Lord,
so feed our soules likewise:
And make vs mindfull of the poore,

as riches doe arise.

Increase thy flocke preserue our King,
thy grace and peace vs send:
That we may lead a faithfull life,
and make a godly end.
Amen.

Grace before meat.

O Lord our God celestiall,
blesse this our food materiall:
That we may rightly vse the same,
vnto the honor of thy name.

Thy Church Lord saue, our King defend,
grant vs thy Gospell to the end.
Amen.

Grace after meate.

O Gracious God we magnifie,
thy glorious name and maiestie:
For all thy blessings given to vs,
through thy deare sonne our Lord Iesus.

Thy Church, our King, & Queene Lord saue,
the Prince and all the friends we haue.
Amen.

Grace

Grace before meate.

THou Lord that didst create all things,
for mankind to enioy:
And didst ordaine man for thy selfe,
to serue thee night and day.

O blesse these meates and drinkes of ours,
that we thy name may please:
With earthly, giue vs heauenly food,
both now and all our dayes.

Continue all thy goodnesse Lord,
and still preserue our King:
The Queene & Prince, and these our realmes,
aboue all earthly things.
Amen.

Grace after meate, for poore people.

ON Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
depend we euermore:
God sanctifie our state to vs,
and still increase our store.

O teach vs Lord in time of need,
to trust in thee, and pray:

That

That whether we abound or want,
thou Lord maist be our stay.

Thy whole and universall Church,
Lord Jesus still defend:
And to all troubles of the same
Lord ever put an end.
Amen.

A Prayer for the King and State.

O Eternall God, most mighty Lord and our heavenly Father in Iesus Christ King of Kings, and Lord of all things, whom kings of the earth doe raigne and gouvernmen doe beare sway both in Church and common weale. O Lord our God we beseech thee in the highest degree, unto our dread Soveraigne Lord King *Charles*, to his honorable counsell, to his Clergie, Nobilitie, Gentry, Magistrates & commonaltie, to the two universities, to the professors of both lawes to every man in his honest, iust, & lawful calling, that they and every one of them may doe their duty as carefully, godly, honestly conscionably, and in thy feare (O Lord) as they will answer it to thee in the great day of account

The Countrymans comfort
count, and that there be no decay
if any good thing among us, no
leading into captivity, nor no com-
plaining in our streets.

Amen.

Finis